

# Magazine, I Want To Burn Again

The newcomer arrives  
possession and guilt in his face  
apologises to the Customs man  
for the gaping hole in his suitcase  
says 'I've seen where promises are made  
I've seen how people are undone  
it's always done  
man to man  
one to one

I'm ditching an empty suitcase  
I've been in Storytown  
I've been swimming in poisons  
been slowing up and down  
I've known the eeriest wounds  
the soul's long quarantine  
when no rewards remain  
no one and nothing comes clean  
I've been blown about for years  
on my way to you  
I've been blown about for years  
on my way to you  
and I still turn to love  
I want to burn again  
and I still turn to love

In a room  
where arrangements are made for success  
you try to say that you possess me  
by your caress  
I met your lover yesterday  
wearing some things I left at your place  
singing a song that means a lot to me  
I've known a certain grace

I've been blown about for years

on my way to you ..  
and I still turn to love

I'm still turning  
I want to burn again